Memorial.

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MEMORIAL

OF

THE COMMEMORATION

BY THE

Church of the Disciples,

OF THE FIFTIETH BIRTH-DAY OF THEIR PASTOR,

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE,

APRIL 4, 1860.

Cruci incumbens perpetuo virens.

BOSTON:
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1860.

INTRODUCTION.

On the twenty-fifth day of March, 1860, we learned from one of our brethren, that the fourth of April would be the fiftieth anniversary of our Pastor's birth. It was proposed that we should avail ourselves of the coming occasion to express unitedly our love for him, and our sense of the benefit and happiness derived by us from our mutual relations. There was a quick and glad response, and at a meeting on the twenty-seventh, a committee was appointed to carry into effect the desire of all for an appropriate commemoration.

In compliance with the general wish that a Memorial of our Festival should be prepared, the following outlines are now presented — the records of an evening which left us little to regret except the brief time for arrangements and the small size of the rooms, which made it imperative to restrict our invitations to the members of the congregation.

MEMORIAL.

There is little need of dwelling upon the decorations, which symbolized our thoughts — the portraits of Dr. Freeman and Dr. Channing, in whose lives our Pastor was so happy as to see and learn the power and glory of the Gospel — the rich abundance of exquisite flowers, sent by kind friends, who thus gave appropriate utterance to their feelings — the fragrant wreaths of evergreen, and the ivy-twined cross, represented in the vignette upon the title-page, against which leaned a faithful likeness of our Pastor. All these are doubtless photographed upon the memory; yet far more eloquent than all, was the manifestation of a common love to him, beaming from all eyes, as it swelled all hearts.

Notwithstanding that the evening was chilly and threatening, by half-past seven the vestry was filled

with friends, buoyant with pleasurable expectation and deep interest, gathered to receive as guests the Pastor and his family. After a few minutes passed in affectionate welcome by the hosts, the following Greeting,* so happily expressive of our thoughts and feelings, kindly contributed by the friend and class-mate of our Pastor, Mr. JAMES H. WILDER, was read by Miss LUCY GODDARD, and the interposed responses were sung by a quartette of our friends, with pianoforte accompaniment. The airs selected had a sweet and touching effect, as well from the charm of the alternations and the beauty and felicitous adaptation of the music to the words and spirit of the responses, as from the thorough appreciation and expression of

* And here let us thank our friend for his cordial sympathy, which induces him to yield his final consent to allow us to print his "crude and very imperfect string of rhymes," as he modestly calls them, "written in haste, amid the distractions of other duties and cares, and for a single reading only." Our Memorial would indeed be an incomplete record without them; and we assure him that however "unsatisfactory to himself" they may be, we are all greatly obliged to him for the very acceptable form in which he gave expression to the feelings with which our own hearts were overflowing. We have cheerfully corrected the deviations from his copy which crept into the printed sheet of 'Responses' used at the Festival. They are now printed as they were written.

them by the singers. The last two were sung to the air of Blendon, by the whole assembly, and every heart was borne upward by the melody, as it swelled its full choral.

Welcome, dear friends — thrice welcome, all
Who 've come to join our festive cheer;
To-night, it is no common call
That bids our happy gathering here.
No labored cheat, misnamed "surprise,"
Is here prepared for curious eyes;
The market basket loaded down
Is not our sign of duty done.

No common privilege is ours —
When wisdom waits on willing ears,
The precious fruit of mental powers
Matured by fifty priceless years;
What fitting tribute can we bring?
How shall our hearts responsive sing?

[RESPONSE.] Not gifts of gold, nor gems of art,
Nor glittering jewels' glare,
Can speak the homage of the heart,
Or show the love we bear.

True — brothers, sisters — 't is not thus
We 'd honor him to-night our guest —
And her — Heaven's gift to him and us,
Our sweet, wise friend — "Star of the West:"
More worthy offering would we pay —
No empty hearts are ours this day.

For that tried friend whose wealth of soul
For us hath been so freely spent,
Eternal treasures to unroll —
Should "moth and rust" our hearts content?
The fleeting pleasures of an hour
The sole return within our power?

Our offering be no flitting whim,
Betokening ties that Time might sever —
But true to ourselves, then dear to him,
A beauty and "a joy forever!"
Pledge of the love whose glimmering 'dawn'*
Made glad the hour when he was born —
And now, with full effulgent ray,
Would cheer and bless his life-long day!

* In allusion to the charming picture presented to Mr. Clarke on this occasion.

[RESPONSE.] If grateful hearts, if beaming eyes,
With warm affection bright,
If such the gems our friend might prize,
These gifts are his to-night.

The bended knee, the censer's flame,
Not prince nor priest is here to claim;
Nor mitred lord, in jewelled vest,
To mock the lowly, sorrowing breast;
No victor, crowned with crimsoned wreath,
Demands the fawning flatterer's breath:
Such service is not ours to give,
Nor his such homage to receive;
We, cringing, kiss no tyrant rod
Of titled saint, or demi-god;
We come to render tribute true,
A loved and loving *brother's* due.

The first dear buds of opening Spring,
With fragrant incense freely given —
Earth's living censers — sweetly swing,
And breathe her gratitude to Heaven.
Her earliest offering, and her best,
The modest blossoms on her breast,

Be such the types that humbly tell
The joy with which our bosoms swell.*
Pomp's gaudy show and noisy din
Tell oft of hollow hearts within;
The voiceless vow the violets breathe
Bespeaks the teeming warmth beneath.
Let fragrant deeds our joy attest,
Deep-rooted in the grateful breast;
Not lips alone — our lives no less —
Let these our lasting love express!
That growth which knoweth no decay
Mark each new year, each 'dawn' of day.

[RESPONSE.] Our incense be the fervent *prayer*,
And *praise* the crown we wreathe,
In garlands fresh as angels wear,
And pure as air they breathe.

What joy, a trusty guide to know,
Whose life's full-fraught experience
Hath streamed on us in ceaseless flow
With rich and holy influence;

* Amid the profusion of evergreens and flowers, whose silent language so beautifully told the sentiments of their contributors, none were more tenderly and touchingly expressive than the lowly violets.

As if it gushed from Horeb's rock,
Time may not drain the copious stock;
Enlarging as it lengthens, ever
Wider and deeper runs the river;
And filled from that unfailing store,
Our cup, indeed, is "running o'er."

Although, "with long experience sage,"
That head shows yet no frosts of age!
A soul still young in holy zeal,
A heart still warm for others' weal,
Ready alike our joys to share,
Or balm to wounded spirits bear —
These yet for us their service lend,
And blessings bring, no time can end.

Their store of happy memories
These fifty years have gathered up;
Yet cares and fears, and sorrow's tears
Have mingled in the life-wrought cup —
The cup the Father fills above,
In love bestowed, received in love —
And poured as free, our wants to meet,
As the ointment on the Saviour's feet.

[RESPONSE.] Let all the joys the past hath known
Still brighten o'er his road;
Years but increase his love to man,
Confirm his trust in God.

And though, on duty's wide domain,
Our wandering shepherd sometimes stray,
We 'll trust to win him back again,
And gladly cry 'God speed his way!'
At others' call where'er he roam,
He 's sure to hear a 'welcome home.'

The shepherd's voice well know the sheep,
And snugly in his fold we 'll keep —
Content to know that, far or near,
His guardian eye is on us here;
Secure beneath that light of love,
Which, beaming bright from heaven above,
Perpetual day shall round us spread,
Perpetual peace within shall shed.

And here that joy complete we 'll prove,
Heart bound to heart in mutual love;

Communion with that spirit share,
Which long hath made our peace its care.
Oh! God be praised, whose grace hath given
A guide so true, to lead to Heaven!
Again — again — prolong the strain —
Let all repeat the glad *Amen!*

[RESPONSE.] Great Fount of Love! from whom proceed
All blessings men or angels need —
On him whose birth hath been our joy,
Father! thy tenderest care employ!

Thy loving Spirit on him pour,
Thy Peace be with him evermore;
In faith as firm as the Ages' Rock,
God bless the shepherd and the flock!

After an interval spent in social conversation, the joyous hum of voices was stilled by the recognized signal, and a beautiful Trio was sung by three ladies of the church, and then, in a yet more profound hush

of attention, these lines were read to us by their author, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Any words of ours would only mar the emotions reawakened by their perusal. The silence which attended and followed them, is most fitting here also.

A weight I bear, and a task I share,
Of glad and generous sympathy.
These loving hearts have all their parts,
In the spring-song I must echo thee.

Each eloquent soul would keep control
Of the Poet's slender gift of words,
As an instrument that should give consent
To the waiting music of many birds.

But the wings of love that bear above,
Shall help me to bring my burthen near;
And my stammering tongue, leaving half unsung,
Can tell how we prize thee, Master dear.

For these fifty years we thank with tears
The tender hand that hath counted them;
And we thank again for those that remain
Still veiled in God's unseen diadem.

The roses flung, and the incense swung,
Are for youth's bright matins and manhood's prime;
But the tapers are lit for the patient feet
That follow the pensive vesper chime.

Within thy fold, safe as of old,
Still gather us each bright Sabbath morn;
Call home thy sheep, that wander and weep,
Comfort the weary and briar-worn.

That years a score may sweep us o'er,
Walking yet serene the heavenward way,
A loving band, that the Shepherd's hand
Brings near the bounds of the brighter day.

Till transfigured quite, in its holy light,
We hear, still clinging close to thee:
'Father, I come to my heavenly home,
With the children thou hast given me.'

Another exquisite Trio, ('Lift up thine eyes,') from the Oratorio of Elijah, followed, and at its close our brother GEORGE WM. BOND read a letter from Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, filled with fraternal sympathy, of which our limits allow us to give only a portion.

To the "Church of the Disciples."

DEAR FRIENDS:

A very friendly and affectionate note from your Pastor, invites me to meet with you, at your vestry, this evening, in commemoration of the interesting fact that he is *fifty years old!* and most sincerely do I regret that I am officially under constraint to be elsewhere. Being but two years the senior of your Pastor, I can well remember when his hair which *ought* now to be growing grey somewhat, hung all over his shoulders in golden ringlets. A very "promising boy," of course, he was, giving early forecast of his subsequent influence as a *promising Pastor.* You may well suppose that, mingling, as we did, in the same familiar associations from our early days, worshipping for so many years in the same old church of "King's Chapel," where his own venerable and endeared grandfather,

James Freeman, that precious old patriarch of Unitarianism, baptized us both; schooled as we were together in the same city; and graduating, afterwards, from the same college, within two years of each other, I can very heartily share the fond sympathies and benedictions that are clustering around him this evening.

Thank God he still lives and works, and is blessed with such a harvest of success as few others in the profession have realized.

Out of the twenty Unitarian societies now existing or represented by pastors in this city, there are but five of those pastors who are professionally his seniors; fifteen of those churches have changed their pastoral relations by death or otherwise; and even your church has known something of those vicissitudes incident to change of place. Ritchie Hall, Amory Hall, Masonic Temple, Freeman Place Chapel, "Williams Hall," "Indiana Place," have all witnessed to the repeated pilgrimages and the ineradicable practical power of what the "Autocrat and Professor of the Breakfast Table" so appropriately calls the "Church of the Galileans," where, in the words of that same Professor, "the good people seem, perhaps, a little easy with each other, and meet very much as a family does for

its devotions, not putting off their humanity in the least — considering it, on the whole, quite a cheerful matter to come together for prayer, and song, and good counsel from kind and wise lips."

May this genial element of your organization, my friends, always abide, and so, indeed, all the other constituents of your association that make it so truly the "Church of the Disciples," till the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In the bonds of Christian love and friendship,

I am very sincerely and respectfully yours,

JOHN T. SARGENT.

The allusion in Mr. SARGENT'S letter called forward Dr. O. W. HOLMES, who read to us the following charming tribute to his friend, classmate, and pastor of the "Church of the Galileans," a welcome and grateful impulse of his own regard.

Here, likewise, thought and silence alone are fitting. We can only record our thanks to the author, and place his offering among our treasures for future and constant enjoyment.

Who is the shepherd sent to lead
Through pastures green, the Master's sheep?
What guileless "Israelite indeed"
The folded flock may watch and keep?

He who with manliest spirit joins
The heart of gentlest human mould,
With burning light and girded loins,
To guide the flock, or watch the fold.

True to all Truth the world denies,
Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin,
Not always right in all men's eyes,
But faithful to the light within;

Who asks no meed of earthly fame,
Who knows no earthly master's call,
Who hopes for man, through guilt and shame,
Still answering, "God is over all;"

Who makes another's grief his own,
Whose smile lends joy a double cheer;
Where lives the saint, if such be known? —
Speak softly — such an one is here!*

O faithful shepherd! thou hast borne
The heat and burden of the day;
Yet, o'er thee, bright with beams unshorn,
The sun still shows thine onward way.

To thee our fragrant love we bring,
In buds that April half displays,
Sweet first-born angels of the spring,
Caught in their opening hymn of praise.

What though our faltering accents fail,
Our captives know their message well,
Our words unbreathed their lips exhale,
And sigh more love than ours can tell.

* Here the poet laid his hand playfully on Mr. C.'s shoulder.

The hum of pleasure, which followed, was interrupted by a summons to the cheerful supper table, where a half hour was pleasantly spent in social communion.

On returning to the other apartment, all eyes were attracted to a beautiful picture, hung between the portraits before mentioned, now unveiled for the first time. It represents DAWN IN TUSCANY, and was painted by the only sister of our Pastor, and on that account, as well as because he had been heard to express great admiration of its excellence, seemed to us a fitting memorial of this occasion. "A little history" belongs to this picture, which we will presently give in the words of the artist.

Our Pastor and his family, returning from the refreshment room among the last, recognized the picture, and supposed it had been lent us as an ornament for the evening, until he read in the eyes of his people that it was their gift to himself, when his wish to speak to us collectively, appeared to culminate, and he addressed us in the following words, as nearly as he can recollect.

I feel very awkward just now. This is a situation I do not quite understand. The position of a

guest, invited by the church to a party, is an unusual one for me. Excuse me if I do not know what to say, and if I make a very stupid reply to all your kindness.

I do not see how I have deserved all this. There is no great merit in being fifty years old — at least, if there were any at first, it has become so common a thing that the originality of it has all gone.

Tell me why it is that we should be sorry that we are growing old? It seems conceded that we are to be slightly commiserated, not congratulated at being fifty. People say kindly that we look very young to be fifty years old — they think to please us by suggesting youthfulness. But why not be glad that we are fifty? If to live is to think, to feel, to act, then why not be glad that we have thought much and done much?

If we gain something of experience every year, then why not be glad that we have garnered up fifty years of experience?

I suppose one reason is, that every man's life is a failure. No one succeeds as he expected to succeed. Those whom all men admire and envy, commiserate themselves. An English poetess has said that one is

depressed by praise, because it reminds us of how many better and greater things we have tried to do and failed in accomplishing. She says that when a hero, a poet, or a sage is applauded for any great work or word he inwardly sighs, because

"His noblest deed had once another
Of high imagination born,
A loftier and an elder brother,
From dear existence torn,
Who, lost to man's approving sight,
Has vanished in the shades of night."

As we grow old, we are apt to look backward on the past which is gone, instead of forward to the future which is yet to come. We forget the things which are before, and look back to those behind. But the power of the Gospel which abolishes death, and shows us that death is nothing, can also abolish old age, by filling us with a hope never tired of looking forward, and therefore full of immortal youth. You have hung on these walls on either side of me, the portraits of two men, neither of whom ever grew old. Dr. Freeman was kept young by his benevolent and unselfish heart, which

held him in full sympathy with the young, the ardent, the active, and so made him abreast with the most advancing wave of life, even in his seventieth year. And Dr. Channing was kept always young by his earnest faith in Progress, and interest in all that was living, aspiring, advancing. I thank you for hanging these two portraits on the walls, the features of those who have made my past life rich — my teachers and masters. I count it one of my chief blessings to have known in childhood Dr. Freeman; for I saw in him the reality of Christianity — I saw a man really unselfish, living a generous life, making it his meat and drink to help and bless others. In him was no small self-seeking — all was large, pure, and noble. And so I was preserved from all danger of skepticism in regard to the substance of Christianity. All criticisms of the letter, all doubts concerning the history, all difficulties in the form of the Gospels, failed to touch for a moment the great reality of a divinely human life in Christ Jesus. And so, too, I bless God for having let me know so intimately Dr. Channing; for I saw in him one whose great reputation was forgotten in the superior greatness of the man himself. The thoughts which had electrified the world, were but a few of the multitude of ideas which made

the soul of this great man luminous as the sun. And to him these thoughts were realities, the only realities which he knew. The reputation and fame they brought to him were nothing. Like Moses, coming down from the Mount, he had been talking with God, but knew not himself that his face shone with such an ineffable glory; for his mind was full of God, not of himself.

As I look back on these fifty years, life seems to me very rich and full. I think of the companions of my youth, my college friends, of that dear and noble friend of my early days, who perished amid the ocean roar, on Fire Island — of the generous and kind hearts among whom I lived so many years in Kentucky, — of the friends in New York, in Pennsylvania, in Illinois, in Wisconsin, in Ohio, in Missouri, in half the States of the Union — of those who have gone to God, Henry Ware, Ephraim Peabody, James H. Perkins, George Keats, John Speed, and so many more whom I see in imperfect visions of the night, and gladly hope to see more clearly on that sacred shore beyond. And I think gratefully of the years passed in your society and service, of the perfect and unchanging confidence between us, of our sky for twenty years undimmed even by a passing cloud, of all your

long-suffering, forbearance, and kindness. Between us there has always been truth — holy truth.

Our church has not been a large, fashionable, or popular one, but I think it has done good. Not as much as we might have done, but still, some good. Those who have once belonged to us, usually belong to us wherever they are. The outward tie is very feeble, but the inward tie strong. We are founded on Jesus Christ himself, not any theory or doctrine concerning him, nor on any ceremony or ritual. We welcome among us all who desire to coöperate with us in the study and practice of Christianity. This basis of union seems to me, more and more, the truly scriptural, solid, broad, and deep foundation for a Christian church.

To-night, I feel myself wholly at home. God has given me home within home. He gave me, in my first home, a mother, sister, brothers, who have been with me, through life, a constant source of comfort and strength.

Then, around that home, He built for me another home of friendship, and around that, still another home, in this Christian Church; so that I am very rich in homes. And when into the most intimate home of all, the solemn angel of death once entered, taking our

first-born into an upper world, the separation, though painful, was softened to us by a sense of the good Father's love, which kept our hearts in his perfect peace. And your sympathy, in that hour, and in all our hours of trial, has been to us an unfailing support, for which I now can only say — God bless you all, dear friends, brethren and sisters — God bless you.

[Remarks added Easter Sunday, April 8.]

Last Wednesday evening, in the perfect arrangement of our Festival, you gave me a picture of the Dawn, for which, in my surprise, I forgot to thank you.

A picture of the Dawn — is not that a gift more suitable to the morning of life than to the turning point, where the sun is declining toward its setting? So I thought at first, but presently remembered that every *sunset* is also a *sunrise* — that while the sun is going down here, it is going up there, and that it depends *which way you are looking*, whether you see it as sunset or sunrise. If I am looking backward, at the fifty years passed by, then it is *sunset;* but if I am looking forward at the fifty years now beginning, then it is *sunrise.* And such surroundings of affection, of genial

sympathy, of insight, of foresight, awaken hope, and make an auroral and morning atmosphere in the heart. So I thank you for the sweet and beautiful gift, feeling it to be a symbol well belonging to this season of hope — when Nature, in her swelling buds, unites with man in Easter celebrations, declaring throughout earth, air, and wave, that God keeps his promise to his children, given them in their longings to possess life, and to possess it more abundantly. All things are aurora to the hopeful soul; all scenes, all events, all changes. Lucifer, star of the morning, bears his torch ever before the faithful heart. A new day is ever rushing up in waves of light and music from below the eastern horizon. I am not bidding farewell to the fifty years past, but rather welcoming the next fifty years now beginning. Let us trust that they will be better for all of us than the past; and at their close, when most of us shall shake hands together in the higher state, let us trust that we shall find ourselves still ready to look forward to the things before, filled with new expectations, starting on new work, filled with new insight, and warmed with larger and purer love to God, and to all his creatures.

Our friend and brother, JOHN ALBION ANDREW, replied for us as follows — happily expressing in his unpremeditated remarks, the thoughts and feelings which arose from all our hearts, and trembled on our lips, as we listened to the words of our Pastor.

I have been asked, brethren and sisters, to attempt the expression of that which is, in truth, inexpressible — the affectionate respect of this congregation of Disciples of Christianity, towards him, who, as our Pastor, and as the guest of this festivity, is the central figure of our group. After the manner of my own simple and unpoetic phrase, let me speak from the deep conviction of my own mind, and the emotions of my own heart, of the worth of this Christian Home to us who have enjoyed its shelter, and of the guidance, and help, and consolation we have received from him, who has given direction to its character, and led its ministrations. I confess, for myself, that I do not know how I could over-estimate the influence of this Home of the Soul, on the happiness and welfare of my life. Amid all distractions, and griefs, and bewilderments, I have seen the vision of this temple, and heard its calm voice and hopeful wisdom, encouraging, winning, teaching, and

strengthening the love of the best goodness and the highest truth; nor would I dare omit to bear my witness to how much I have here learned of their reconciling power.

In the haste of life, we forget the rapidity of its march; and I suppose you will hardly realize that now twenty years have almost fled away, since our Pastor, then but three-fifths of his present age, began to preach to us in Ritchie Hall. Two-thirds of all the years of his manhood have been surrendered to this church of ours; and during all the years of my own manhood, I have shared in its membership, and, when not absent from Boston, have partaken at its feasts. I thought it was but yesterday we began to gather in this fold, until just now I was reminded that a young man before me, now in the opening bloom of his manly age, was born after this church was organized, and was the first infant who received baptism at its altar.

Twenty years of earnest, active, most devoted, and various labor here, as a preacher, pastor, writer, and citizen, — interrupted only by the exigencies of his own health, and of that of his family — have identified James Freeman Clarke not only with this single organization, but also with the Unitarian body itself; with

the ideas, progress, history, and character of liberal Christianity; and when I heard him, just now, regret the past, passing severe judgment upon himself, as if he "had not attained," under-estimating what is a part of history, — in view of the loftiness of his ideal, — I wished that I could but only make him feel how priceless is the good my own heart confesses that it owes to him, and how many there are who would join with me in the confession. Indeed this human life is all too short to allow the indulgence of vain regrets. And when the sense of weakness, or of guilt and sin overbears the weary head and heart, I can but remember the trusting and triumphant joy of the Apostle, who would leave *all* the things which were behind, and press onward to those which are before, and run with patience the allotted race.

During these twenty years of our existence as a body of friends and learners in the Master's school, how many of our number have passed beyond the veil; how many there are whose precious memories revisit us to-night, softening, tempering, and beatifying this festive and commemorative hour — but whose visible presence we may not see. And what a ministry — what a work is that, whose privilege and office it is, to lead with

gentle hand, the children of a flock, to bear witness of the truth in the ears, both of the willing and the perverse, to soften the hard heart, to bow the stubborn will, to edify, to comfort, to guide immortal men, "in all the trials of life and in the work of duty," consoling bereavement and inspiring faith, and throwing the arches of hope and of memory over the very Jordan of Death.

Let us not forget to-night to do justice to the influence of such a ministry, for so considerable a period of one man's life, touching also the *number* and *variety* of those it has reached. Remember how many in all quarters of the world there are, who, at one time and another, have sat side by side with us in the house of our worship; and how fondly the absent are wont to return with hearts untravelled to this Christian Home.

Nor would I forget the ample satisfactions which accompany the mind, as it travels over the broader field, cultivated by one of a catholic spirit, and no pent-up sympathies. We all know how closely allied in labor, as in spirit, our Pastor has been with the grand movements which have signalized the history of the last quarter of a century. How thankful it makes the

heart to find its human lot cast in such an age — such an age of freedom of thought and action; such an age of hopefulness. I will not stay to lament over its follies, its failures, or its reverses. I see in them all, only the limitations of *men;* while through them all I also see "the steady gain of *man*."

I desire to render due thanks and due honor to him who has guided and helped our thought and our activity, that, in all the vicissitudes of twenty years, against all temptations, and under all allurements of temporizing policy, he has kept this pulpit free, this church free, its creed as comprehensive as the formulary of the first Apostles; its spirit of brotherhood as expansive as the charity of the Christian Faith. Nor had this been possible, save to a man who saw too wide a field, too great a harvest, a world too broad, and a humanity too precious, either for delays, for jealousies, or for strifes; too much to be done, too many ways for doing good, too little difference in the values of methods, to permit the waste of strength and time in questioning the diversity of the manifestation of the same spirit.

But this is no occasion for formality or lengthened speech, and my voice must no longer interrupt the

current of more social and informal flows of thought and feeling. Let us remember with joy and gratitude, the great goodness which has brought us all to this day; and let us fervently pray that He, who has kept our Pastor and our church, will preserve him and his beloved ones in happiness and health, until in the quiet sleep of ripe old age, he pass from the conflict to the crown.

The impulse to identify ourselves with the speaker, and to add our voices to his own, was profound in its electric stir through our body — finding audible utterance from some in a "glad amen."

A double quartette, full of grace and beauty, followed, and when the last tones had died away, and all united in singing the following hymn, (contributed by our friend and brother, B. P. Winslow,) the noble air of "America" poured forth its grand harmonies with a fulness and depth, well illustrating the capabilities of congregational singing, and our emotions,

infusing their own life and power into the words, transfigured them into an earnest prayer for our Pastor, and a grateful thanksgiving to our common Father for the blessings of his ministrations.

O Thou, whose blessèd Son —
His earthly mission done —
His chosen gave
In thy great love to wait,
Thy grace to mediate,
And souls in low estate
To seek and save;

On this our guide and friend
The Comforter descend.
Thy Spirit fill
His heart with holy fire,
Thy Truth his words inspire,
Kindling our faint desire
To do thy will.

Let nought of worldly gain,
Sharp grief or toiling brain
Close our dull ear;

"But his free earnest speech"
Grant Thou all souls to reach,
And to the erring teach
The Saviour near.

For him we ask not fame,
No world-wide — honored name,
But thine increase;
And as the autumn leaves
Fall on his gathered sheaves,
Thou whom his faith receives
Give him thy peace.

So, when full years have shed
Upon his hoary head
The saintly sign,
This his glad hymn shall be —
'Father, I bring to Thee
Those Thou hast given me —
All, all are thine.'

After a further interchange of congratulations at our happiness in being permitted thus to rejoice together, all slowly and reluctantly dispersed, to cherish the remembrance of this Festival, and, we trust, to develop its influence in more true and earnest lives — a boon and blessing precious to our Pastor beyond all else we can offer.

The selection of airs for the responses in the welcoming poem was so appropriate, and the effect of the alternations so beautiful, that we must record them for future use. They were as follows: "Hussitan Chant," "New Patmos," "Eckhardtsheim," and "Miletus," all from Zeuner's "Ancient Lyre."

ADDENDA.

We add this note from one of our number as a pleasant expression of the feeling of our whole body.

March 27, 1860.

Friend Winslow:

My engagements are such as to prevent my attending the meeting this evening; so I authorize you to vote for me, knowing as I do that you will not "*make*" Mr. Clarke "*the recipient of*" a gold-headed cane, nor a service of silver, nor an elaborately carved trumpet to blow on the walls of Zion — but that you will vote simply to *give* him some token of our sympathy and devoted love.

It seems but a few days since we were talking over the subject of his leaving our society; * how clearly it

* Referring to a call received by Mr. Clarke from a neighboring city.

has been shown us since, that he had work to do here, at home, in our church and city. If any expression of feeling goes with the gift selected for him, let this thought, I pray you, be suggested: for I, for one, desire to have him know how deep and sincere is our appreciation of his labors here, in Boston, in the great centre of Unitarianism.

Very truly, yours,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

DAWN IN TUSCANY.

[This little history of the charming picture is from the pen of the Artist.]

It was on the sixteenth of June, at four o'clock in the morning, that I entered the diligence, at Rome, to go to Florence, by the Siena road. Summer was at high tide, earth and sky consented in beauty ineffable, and when night fell over the earth, the transparent darkness was welcome after the long and brilliant summer's day. Then from the Coupé I saw the new morning break, and the Italian dawn marshal its forces of light and shade. The light, while yet the earth was dark, streamed from behind a mountain, a million golden arrows shot up into the retreating darkness, and from the bosom of the mountain shadow flowed a river, rough with stones, which broke the light caught upon its reaches, and animated the low-

toned picture. I made a memorandum in my sketch-book of this strikingly poetical scene, and a dialogue held with an Italian by my side, became fixed in my memory, and always goes with the picture in my mind. He asked me later in the day, with the curiosity which belongs to travellers of all nations, whether I was English.

"Signor, no, sono Americana."

"Possibile!" with gestures of wonder.

"E tanto distante, dal suo paese!" with gestures of more wonder.

"E va sempre sola la Signora?" and now the countenance of the querist expressed curiosity, doubt, respect, suspicion, and fear of giving offence, wonderfully mingled in a heavy face which I had thought particularly incapable of expression.

"Si, perchè sono artista, Signore," I replied, offering my profession as a reason for voyaging without attendant, and as a guaranty of my respectability. "Ah! si," — said he, quite relieved, "La vidi questa mattina, quando Lei dipingeva l'Aurora."

And thus it came to pass, that flattered by his phrase which described my poor scratches in the dark, as "painting the Aurora," I resolved really to

paint my memory of a scene which so deeply affected my imagination, and it gratifies me much, that the picture is liked and has come to preferment among my good friends. I began this little history of the picture with the intention of telling the name of the place represented. The name of the mountain I do not know — the river is probably the Ombrone, and the place, a spot somewhere between Radicofani, which I passed at midnight, and Siena, where I arrived at ten o'clock in the forenoon. So I named it, DAWN IN TUSCANY.

HYMN AND PRAYER.

To those of us familiar with the following poem, written by our Pastor, it came home at this time with the force of fulfilled prophecy; and while it dwelt in the hearts of many, failed to make a part of the festive utterances of the evening of the 4th of April, only from the hurry of our arrangements.

A friend and sister thus expresses her feeling in a note to one of our number.

"The poem has been a life-long friend to me. Even when he (Mr. CLARKE) was laboring at the West, and growing into a stately elm, many a flagging good purpose was strengthened by the determination never to cast a "Upas-shade" over those in my care, while one so favored had obtained all that he prayed for, and escaped all that he feared. And then what

a cheek upon angry correction, even of the vilest faults, is that vivid picture of Christ, who

"With eyes of love looked into eyes of hate."

When I begin to think what I value Mr. CLARKE's ministry for, this poem is apt to come up first, as his earliest, perhaps most potent help; therefore if it could be printed in the notes at the end of the festival records, some young beginners in the Christian life might adopt it, as has been done by others in former years.

Yours,

LOUISA C. BOND.

Infinite Spirit! who art round us ever,
In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,
May neither life, nor death the sweet bond sever,
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen — yet not unfelt — if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire,
Or generous act, or noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name.

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on Thee still.

I am unworthy, yet for their dear sake
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found,
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground;

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warmed, they drink my branches' dew;
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded;
Make me for their sake firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those, who have found in me some trace of gold,
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest,
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on his soul the guilt of man was prest.

Tender and sensitive he braved the storm,
That we might fly a well deservéd fate,
Poured out his soul in supplication warm,
With eyes of love looked into eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed,
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean,
O, speak the word,—thy servant shall be healed.

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